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The Death of Grimes' Hen.

BY MICHAEL STEINHOPPER.

At last the speckled hen has gone—
That hen of hens the best,
She died without a sigh or groan,
While in her downy nest.

'Thro summer's heat and winters snows,
For ten long years she lay,
At noon and eve, Old Grime's an egg,
But none the Sabbath day.

She had a nest behind the door,
All neatly lined with hay,
Her back was brown, and sprinkled o'er
With spots 'inclined to grey.'

Though fourteen years of age almost,
She still looked young and hale—
And like Job's Turkey she could boast
One feather in her tail.

The neighbor's fowls did all agree
She was a good old soul;
She sometimes roosted in a tree,
And sometimes on a pole.

When'er the rain came pelting down,
And thunder dreadful roar,
She hid herself in Grime's hat,
Until the storm was oe'r.

She lived a plain and honest life,
No higher wished to rise,
She flew at neighbor Sampson's wife,
And scratched out both her eyes.

She never deigned the barn yard beau,
His face to look upon;
And loved but one, whose long shrill crow
Was heard at early dawn.

An aged cock, who oft had told
His descent, with a sigh,
From one that crowed when he of old,
His master did deny.

When poor old speckle closed her eyes,
He jumped the fence and cried—
He bid the poultry all good bye,
And then laid down and died.
Kind reader now we'll drop a tear
To Grimes' speckled hen;
It is too true, we ne'er shall look
Upon her like again.

From the Japan Expedition.

We find in the *Washington Sentinel* the following highly interesting description of the visits of Comm. Perry's squadron to Japan. It is evidently from the pen of Capt. Buchanan, of the Susquehanna, the second in command of the Commodore:

INTERESTING FROM JAPAN.

Private Letter received from an officer of the squadron, dated U. S. steamer Susquehanna, off Oragawa, Uraga, Bay of Jeddo, twenty-five miles from the city of Jeddo.

FRIDAY, July 8, 1853.

'This distance lends enchantment to the view.' Here we are in the harbor of Jeddo, after running over nearly 30,000 miles of various seas and of various climes—here at anchor four miles higher up the bay than has ever yet anchored ship bearing a Christian flag. We anchored at 3 P. M., and soon large boats, rowed cheerily with about twenty men, and in each some mandarins, or gentlemen, with two swords, neat and well dressed, came swarming off with determination fell to come on board, demand the names, the nation, and the intentions of the four craft thus coming boldly in joy and claim.—They were met with a wave of the hand, and 'keep off, no one allowed to come on board save the highest mandarin.' This literally took them all aback, but they clustered together and insisted upon admittance. At last, a voice said in Dutch, do you speak Hollandese, soon the commodore's clerk, Mr. Postman, was in high confab.

* * * * * *

After much persuasion on their part, and their insisting that one of them was a high mandarin, the commodore ordered me to put on my uniform, and to receive him and the interpreter on board in the cabin, and to represent himself; saying that our mission is a friendly one. We are the bearers of a letter from the President of the United States to his Majesty of Japan; that it was necessary to send on board a high mandarin to receive this letter, and the sooner the better. Again I was to insist upon it that boats should not lie, by the hundred, near and around our ships, thus guarding and watching us, as has been their custom! (The Columbus and Vincennes having from five hundred to one thousand boats around them constantly, all linked together.) That we would not submit to this, but would drive them off. Here you have the basis of my instructions. Thus armed, I took Mr. Mandarin and interpreter, with my two interpreters—Mr. Williams, in Chinese, and Mr. Postman, in Dutch—into the cabin.

After being seated a moment, Mr. Mandarin arose, made a *salaam a la Japanese*, and then extending his hand, we shook hands; then seated ourselves, using Mr. Postman as interpreter, as the Japanese interpreter spoke Dutch fluently. I thus opened; 'Tell the lieutenant governor (for such was the mandarin) that I am the aid of our chief, the admiral, and am instructed to speak for him.—We have come here on a friendly mission, with friendly intentions, to deisver a letter from the President of the United States to your sovereign, the emperor of Japan; that the letter is ready for delivery by 9 o'clock, to-morrow, to any mandarin sufficiently high to receive it.' To this was replied: 'It must be referred to higher powers to know who can receive the letter.' I then asked, 'How long will it take to give us an answer?' 'They could not tell.' I said, 'I think the sooner the better, as we are anxious to be off.' The reply was, 'I do not think it will take long;' and it was then understood that, in the morning, a mandarin would be off to receive the letter.

I then emphatically said: 'This ship has aboard the chief—there is his penant. All messages from shore must come here by a high mandarin. No boats must go to the other rhips; their commanders have orders not to permit intercourse; they have no sight to think, and must obey. We insist that no boats shall hang around our vessels to watch them.' This was not palatable. They said: 'It is Japanese custom, law, and we must carry them out.' Says I: 'Tell him, sir, that we too have our customs, and with men-of-war one of the laws is that no boat is allowed to come within a certain range.'—There was no positive consent given just then as to what they would do; they evaded it by asking questions. 'Where are you from?' 'From the United States of America?' 'Yes; but what part, Washington, New York, Boston?' My surprise was so great, that I smiled and told him 'some from Washington, some from New York, all parts; that the President of the United States lived in Washington.'—'What is the name of the ship, how many people, guns, &c.' 'Tell him, sir, that we are not traders, we seek no trade, we are armed ships, and our custom is never to answer such questions.'

The questions were again repeated in pretty much the same way, when I told Mr. P. to make the same reply, and to add that I have *no curiosity* to know how many men are either in the emperor's army or in his navy; and also that he could see for himself that we had four ships; that we had others in those waters. 'When will the others come?' 'I don't know; it depends upon the answer to the letter.' 'What are the contents of the letter?' 'Tell him, sir, that the letter is from the President to the emperor of Japan, and it would be most indelicate in me to inquire into its contents.' This rebuke was received in an apologetic manner, and this questioning dropped. I then again alluded to the boats which were still clustering around our ship and the other ships; told him that it was absolutely necessary that they should be kept off; that this must be done. 'We shall be sorry, with our kind and friendly feelings to you, to do you any harm, or to come into collision with you; but, if you do not order your boats off, we shall fire into them and drive them off. Our boats are now armed and ready, and we cannot allow you more than fifteen minutes to give your orders and to keep them off. At the end of that time you must suffer.'

Mr. Mandarin went out, told this to the boats, sent word to the other boats, and came in. 'Now I must have an answer. What have you decided about the boats?' 'I have ordered them off from all the ships, and with orders only to communicate with this." "Yes, from all the ships; and if any come round you, send word to the Governor, and he will punish them." Thus was this point, never before yielded, conceded. And a few more remarks, I bowed Mr. Mandrian off, and away he went on shore, taking the boats off with him.

My interview with my friend was again renewed in the evening, and in rather a different phrase, which does not promise to end so peacefully; but to-morrow will tell. At present I am too tired, having been up all day from an early hour—and here we are, too, our pistols loaded, our swords ready at hand, armed men and sentinels patrolling the decks, guns loaded, and trained and cast loose; for we lie down to sleep to-night in the neighborhood of 10,000,000 of men, brave, enterprising, ready, never conquered. It behooves us to be watchful. So I will go to bed and rest. * * *

SUNDAY, July 11, 12 A. M.—This hallowed day of quiet has again come around, and finds us lying quietly at anchors, enjoying a day of rest; our broadsides upon the towns and forts on the shores; our glasses watching the marches and counter-marches of their troops on shore, paraded by their different mandarins. The spirit of preparation for resistance and defence is evidently ruling them. The sounds of many guns [illegible] Jeddo come frequently booming on the ear. The country is evidently awake from its long slumbers of peace. What excitement now in Jeddo! When before has the warlike trumpet been sounded in her walls, 'to foot, to horse, arm!' 'Hang out our banners on the outward wall, the cry is still they come.' Long freedom, overbearing conduct to other nations, a conviction of their superiority doubtless, tend to make these people proud, sensitive, chivalric, and brave; but then, again, a long peace, and disuse to war and its horrors, have in a measure effeminated them; the effects of shot, shell, earnest fighting, will doubtless shock them; but yet, I think, they will resist bravely, they are organizing with spirit, showing cautiousness, but no fear. Yet their downfall has commenced from the 8th of July, 1853. Yes, this day the cross waved above our colors, and under it we worshipped the Christain's God—the Saviour. Yes, here within twenty miles of the seat of the haughty tyrant, who has caused for centuries that emblem of mercy to be tranpled under foot by his heathen subjects.

Let me renew my narrative of the events of the 8th. In about one hour after the mandarin left I again received him, with directions not to palaver much. In a long, windy set-speech, he said that the governor did not feel himself justified in receiving the letter from the President to the Emperor—that he had not the power—that Nagasaki was the place for the conduct of all foreign affairs—that it was not Japanese custom—that indeed the governor was much bothered to think why four ships should have come together—that he appreciated very highly the great trouble we had taken to come so very far to deliver the letter, but that he could not receive it. To which I replied: 'The distance, to be sure, was very long, and we had come a great way—that we could not think of going to Nagasaki—that the letter was an important one, and that our President had ordered us to deliver it as near the city of Jeddo as possible; therefore we were here, and I trusted that the letter would be received in the morning.'

To this he answered—'No one here can receive it. It would bring harm upon him—Nagasaki is the only place—that he did not believe if the letter was received that the Emperor would answer it.' To this I replied—'Does your governor dare to take upon himself the responsibility to refuse to receive a letter written to his sovereign, and to forward it to him? It is a very grave responsibility to refuse to receive the letter sent from one sovereign to another.' He then said—'The governor may receive, but we can't tell when the answer may come; but then added, 'that he had not the power to receive it, and must wait and refer it.'

I replied that 'this letter was a very important one—that it would be a great insult to the President of the United States not to receive it. That as to the Emperor's not answering it, that was not our business now, that would be settled after.' He said, 'This is Japanese customs; you Americans don't understand Japanese customs,' &c. I replied, 'We Americans do business decidedly, promptly.' At this point I went out, and referred this new phase of the discussion to the Commodore, and by his order I broke up the interview, telling him 'that if the Governor did not send off for the letter in the morning, we would ourselves deliver it in the town of Orogama. He was rather taken aback by this decision, and requested permission to come off in the morning. To this I assented. He then took his leave. Before going off he stepped back to our long gun aft, which is all clear, and showing its massive proportions, and examing it, said, looking interrogatorily, 'Paixhan.' If he has an acquaintance with 'Paixhan,' I trust it is from reading and not from practice.

At six o'clock the next morning I was called on deck to receive the mandarin; so I dressed hurriedly and went up. There was the same story, but he proposed to send to Jeddo for permission. We gave him until Thursday, at 12 o'clock, saying, 'If the letter was not received we would regard it as an insult to the President, and act accordingly.' So it rests.

July 17.—One week has passed since I have written a word, and a week of much excitement and great events. And here we are, thank heaven, safe; and in nine days we have effected much—so much, that the world will be gratified, and our country feel herself honored. We have landed in Japan, within twenty-five miles of Jeddo, with armed troops and armed men, and delivered our credentials, and the President's letter to commissioners—two princes, one a councillor of the realm, and appointed by his Majesty to receive us. But I am ahead of events; and must more leisurely detail the interviews, arrangements, &c., which led to an issue so happy, so peaceful, so desirable, and which have reflected so much eclat upon the firmness and wisdom of Com. Perry. He has certainly selected a course of conduct which reflects great credit upon himself.

I left of by telling you that we had given Tezimon, governor, or highest authority in Uraga, or, by his other title, 'the learned scholar who rides,' until Tuesday at 12 o'clock, to get an answer from Jeddo to our propositions; that is, that the copies of the letters and credentials, with a letter of the Commodore's enclosed, were to be received by a high mandarin, accredited by his master to receive them.—On Monday we were to receive information from him of the advancement of matters. On that morning he came off quite pleased, and said that he thought the letters would be received. By the by we showed him the letter, which is beautifully done up in a case, and the seal enclosed in a gold box, costing $1,000; so also with the Commodore's credentials.—We had talked and palavered over matters, answering many questions, and, amongst others, diplomatizing about the propriety of surveying the harbor, &c., for in the morning, the boats, well armed, with the Mississippi to guard them, had preceded her up the bay, sounding, and had advanced ten miles nearer to Jeddo, finding plenty of water, and a fine, large, capacious, magnificent harbor; when it has always been supposed that Uraga was about as far as vessels of any size could go, so great is the mystery that hangs around this land.

On the advance of the boats, the forts were armed, the dungaree and canvass screens, behind which rested the pikes of the soldiery, fairly flapped with anger, and armed boats with about 25 men each started out from every point by the hundreds, looking defiance; but onwaad went our little boats, throwing their leads and marking the soundings, and steadily advanced the Mississippi on her purpose.—Our steam was up, and all the vessels hove short to slip and run to their assistance, and throw in Japanese forts, dungaree, cotton, boats and all, a few paixhan shell. My opinion is that for these thirty-six hours, (and more particularly for these six,) the Japanese hesitated whether or not they should at once resist, and try with us the fortunes of war. But so steadily was our determination, both in council and in conduct, so utterly careless of any action on their part, so perfectly confident of our own resources and power, and so regardless of all danger, that they were paralyzed, and prudent and friendly measures were decided.

It is well to remark here, that they have been making the most extensive preparations of forts, &c., lately, as is evident by their new works and those not yet finished. Doubtless, there are full 1,000 boats, averaging, with rowers and soldiers, 25 men. In these waters we have seen, and could have counted, 500; some on the water, their banners flying, forty and fifty together; others hauled upon the beach ready to lauch out—at first mistaken for villages. But a new era is marked in their history; they have been placed on the defensive; they dared not begin the game, though I yet believe that any harsh measures on our part, of encroachment or injury would cause a determined and bloody resistance, for they are free, frank, pleasing, sociable, fearless people, and would stand bravely to the slaughter. These traits may be expected in a land where 'the wives and mothers are proverbially virtuous'—the exception being the rarity and proving the rule. Well will it be if we can make these people our friends and our allies.—Yes, heretofore they have arrogantly dictated to all others; but with us the game is changed. We have said; so must you do—this is our way. These steamers, too, moving without sails, against wind and tide, have struck, if not teror, at least wonder and wisdom into their souls.

But to the interviews—this of Monday evening ended. Tuesday morning, about noon, they again came off, and our 'learned scholar,' evidently wore a more contented air—bye-the-bye, Teiman is a gentleman, clever, polished, well informed, a fine large man, of most excellent countenance, takes his wine freely, and a boon companion. His age is thirty-four. He told us that the letters would be received; that the emperor was going to send down a high prince, and a councilor to take them. 'When?' 'On day after to-morrow. We are putting up a new house to receive you, and it cannot be ready before them; nor will the prince be down until to-morrow.' It was now that we understood that they expected to receive the letter of the President, and the commodore's letter of credence, instead of the copies of which it was the intention to send first, reserving the last in hopes of forcing an interview at Jeddo. This was explained to them—when the change that came over them was plain—they persisted that they had understood that the letters were to be received, not the copies—the fear of the permission to rip himself up, (the Hari-Kasi) was evident in his face—yet the commodore persisted in this point, and we sent him off to give notice to higher powers that such was the fact.

In the afternoon he again came, and the commodore at last agreed to deliver the originals and land at the place fixed upon.

THURSDAY, *July* 14.—Early in the morning we dropped our steamers down and near in as possible. The bay is nearly circular, with two small forts on each point of the entrance. We went off in our boats (in all) officers, landsmen, and marines, 428 strong, armed to the teeth, each man carrying with him the lives of five Japanese. It was a beautiful sight as we pulled in. We were in sight of a hundred armed Japanse boats, with banners flying, averaging twenty-five men each; then on the shores ahead were stretched lines of painted cloths, with various mottoes, for a full mile in length—armed men, cavalry and artillery in front, and human figures thick in the rear. On advanced our boats, and our little band landed; drew up line and formed, in all, on shore, 350 men leaving 80 in the boats.

The Commodore and staff then landing, we formed a close line, and, to the tune of Hail Columbia, with the American flag waving over us, we marched up to the council house. There we halted, our little band drew up, and thus with twenty feet between us, face to face, stood the sons of America and the troops of Japan. We went into the council-house, where sat the commissioner, with his coadjutor, Prince of Iwami. Proudly we walked in, and bowed in our way, which was returned by the commissioner rising and bowing. We were then seated. Thus were delivered the credentials; and after a few words we withdrew, formed our line, and, to the tune of Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle, retired to our boats. We were accompanied off by Tezemon and other mandarins, and got under way, and stood up the bay. We went within eight miles of Jeddo, carrying plenty of water, but could see nothing of the city.

The Model Bloomer.

OR, HEZ'S ACCOUNT OF A COUNTRY PICNIC.

To get away from hot weather, dust, and other summer accompaniments, I took a run up into the country the other day, spent a week among the fresh clover fields, and five or six rosy bouncing cousins, and, altogether, had an interesting time of it. While there, I picked up a story—a good one—just one of the kind for those who like fun—and I'm going to try and tell it.

A rain-storm had one day prevented us from indulging in our usual out-door amusements, and we were all seated in the parlor, endeavoring to entertain one another as best we could. The party was composed of half-a-dozan plump, rosy cheeked-girls—just such ones as they raise in the country for life-comforters to young farmers—myself, and a down-cast cousin, named Hezekiah Green.

Cousin Hez, as the girls called him, was one of the best specimens of a Green Mountain Yankee that I ever looked at—he was 'a character'—could tell a good story—was always ready to do so—and, told as he told them, in his peculiar dialect, they were always amusing.

The girls were all exhausted, talking about this thing and that. They wanted something to dispel the gloominess of the day, and so Hez was asked for a story.

'Come, cousin Hez, give us a funny story now—something to make us laugh,' said little Fanny, a rural beauty of sixteen.

'Yes, yes, Hez, do tell us a story,' chimed in the rest of the girls.

'Wal, I declare tu gracious, girls, I've told so many stories lately that I'm 'bout gin eout—you must let me off.'

'O, no you don't,' says Fanny, interrupting Hez.

'Wal, neow, Fan, I swow, I don't raly think the gals would like to hear, 'ticularly yeou, Fan,' good-natuedly replied Hez.

'O, never you fear offending the girls; and you know, Hez, I wouldn't get angry at anything you said,' replied teasing Fanny.

'Wal, neow, Fan, if *yeou* wun't get huffy, and the rest of the gals will pay 'tention, I'll tell the only story I know. It's a real genuine one, however—it actually happened.'

'We all promise, and, what's more, you tell a good story and I'll reward you with a kiss,' said Fanny, by way of inducement.

'Will yeou though, Fan? Wal, by golly I'll du it—I will,' said Hez.

'Yeou must, know gals,' began Hez, 'that abeout the time that that distinguished female, Mrs. Bloomer, made up her mind that petticoats, corsets, frocks, and them ere fixins,' was hurtful to the female constitootion, the gals tu hum—the place where I was raised—concluded that they were tu; and sich a tarnal 'citement as was kicked up among the petticoats was a caution to dimity of all qualities. Lots on' em had rigged themselves eout in the Bloomer custom—pantaloons and all—and sich another sight you never did see when they paraded the streets. There was little fatty Brown, a right good little body, she got the Bloomer mani, tu, and sich a sight as she was! Golly! a hogshead cut in tu, and dressed up in petticoats could hold no comparison to her.—And then there was Peggy Brooks, the shoemaker's daughter—she that has twins every year—she had the mani, tu, 'long with the rest, and, gracious sakes! she looked even wus than fatty Brown! But Peggy was rather a sensible woman, though, and finally concluded that the Bloomers wasn't becoming tu a female as was doing such an extensive family business as she was. There was a good many gals, though as hadn't cheek enough to come right eout in the street with the pantaloons, jest tu see how the things would feel on a feller, as some on em used to say. Fan here—"

'Hush Hez,' interrupted Fanny blushing a little, and seeminly angry. But Hez appealed to the company, and was allowed to proceed.

'Wal, neow, I shan't say anthing 'bout Fanny at present, but'll try to finish the story as soon as I can.

'The gals and tellers were getting up a grand flare-up—a nick-picker, pic nicker, or—'

'Pic-nic,' suggested one of the girls.

'Wal, a nic-pic. They were getting up one of these arrangements, and a great time was expected. One of the gals was going had one of these ere Bloomer dresses—a raal nice one—but she never wore it in the street—tu modest for that. Wal, she was going to surprise the party—take her dress with her, steal off among the bushes, put it on, and then come back and exhibit herself. This is the way she meant tu surprise 'em—and, wait a little and you'll see she did it handsomely tu.

'The great day arrived. The gals all looked as smiling as infants and as sweet as strawberries, and the fellers all looked 'ceedingly scrumpshus. The gal wot intended to surprise the party made a nice little bundle of her Bloomer and stowed it away in her bag. Bimeby, the party made a start for the place war the eating arrangement was to take place, which was a quiet little spot in the woods, whar nobody could see their carryings on. Wal, they got thar at last, and the gals commenced tu spread the dishes on the grass, and the fellers commenced tu kiss the gals; then the gals went tu shaving up the ham and bread, and the fellers went to hugging the gals—and the whole scene presented an animated picter, as the Bible says. Wal, while all these things war going on, the gal with the Bloomer dress slips off among some little trees, and commences fixing herself up. She daresn't be gone long, for fear they will suspect something. So she went to work in earnest, and in a few minits she came bounding 'mung the party just like a young deer with dogs after it.

'Yeou see she done all this to surprise the party, and if yeou'd a seen the capering of the gals and fellers, yeou'd believe she'd succeeded most beautifully.

'As soon as she made her appearance among the party, the gals screeched like owls, and hid their faces with their aprons. The fellers they hollered like all-fired—and some rolled on the ground, among the dishes and fixins, just as if they'd bin eating green apples and they did'nt set well on their stomics—and sich a lively time as there was generally can't be imagined. And all this time thar stood the Bloomer gal larfin just as if she'd collapse. Bimeby, one of the gals got up, and put for the bush—then another did the same—and purty soon the whole went just like a lot of sheep. This kinder took the gal by surprise herself; she didn't reckon on so much as this. She looked around, and seeing nobody but the fellers and they all hollerin' and caperin' like mad—and then she kinder sorter cast her eyes down tu the ground, and as she did so, sich another screech as she let off, yeou wouldn't think a little body like hers was capable of containing; then she started off tu, after the rest of the gals; and the way she *did* go!—Je-ru-sa-lem! Telegraphs was no whar!'

But, cousin Hez, what made her run so?' asked one of the girls.

'Wal neow, gals, just hold yourselves a minit, till I get to that part of the story. Yeou see the gal was in such a darned hurry to get on her rig that *she forgot her pants!* Fact—true as Gospel! And sich another sight as she was! Christopher! Thar she was, with nothing on but a little short frock like, just big enough for a good-sized baby—her legs naked—presenting a picter worth looking at by any individual. And all I've got to say is, if half the gals can show as pretty and plump a pair of legs as Fan—'

Here Hez was cut off suddenly by a loud laugh from the whole party, and good slap along-side of the ears administered by Fanny's soft, little plump hand, and the party separated, Fanny refusing to give Hez the kiss promised, and Hez declaring he'd never tell her another story.

A Consolatory Letter.

The following amusng iincident is told by the St. Louis *Republican:*

A young member of the bar of this City, not long since, while riding on horseback, lost, in the street, a pocket book containing $200 and several notes which had been left with him for collection.—He advertised his loss in the *Republican* the next day, and offered a reward for the return of the money and notes. Day before yesterday he received the following letter through the post-office. The author disguised his handwriting by imitating printed letters:

Dear Sir: I was fortunate enough to be the finder of your wallet, and assure you that the "needful" it contained, was quite a god-send to me, as my pocket had caved in some time. Like my friend Micawber, I had long indulged in the that 'something would turn up,' when, as my eye lit on your wallet, I cried, 'Eureka.'

You doubtless think I ought to disgorge but I regard this as a true case of flotsom, jetsum et lier,' (as you lawyers call it) which interpreted, means, I believe, that the finder 'ex-officio,' (isn't that the term) acquires the property in it.

The papers not being convertible into cash, in their present shape, I send them to you for the proper endorsement, with the remark that if you want them collected, all you have to do is to send them to me in proper order. Yours affectionately,

BUMBLEBEE.

P. S. If I ever get a suffiency of the 'root of all evil' on hand, I shall feel under obligations to liquidate.